

THE
RENOWNED HISTORY
OF
DAME TROT
AND
HER CAT.



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DAME TROT in her cottage,
 And her heroine view ;
 The dame says, “ Your servant ! ”
 Her pet favourite—“ Mew ! ”

Dame Trot was the speaker,
 Pussy sat in the chair ;
 She talk’d of their travels,
 Just to drive away care.



The comical goody
 Was no more and no less
 Than Grimalkin's teacher,
 The feline governess :
 Tho' the cat was oft deaf,
 When most kindly Trot spoke,
 Leap'd on tables and shelves,
 Plates and China-ware broke :

And she lapp'd up her milk,
And she laughed at all rule,
Till Dame Trot was obliged
To send pussy to school.

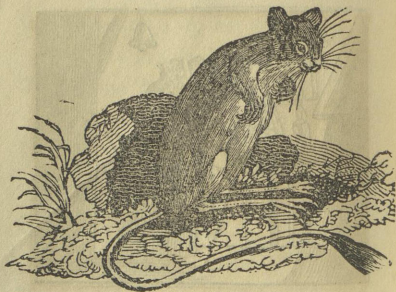
Where at length the dame called,
And said—"How do you do?"
Grimalkin gave answer
To the friendly dame—"Mew!"

Dame took her to market
Where puss rode pick-a-back,
To purchase their dinners,
'Fore to school puss went back.

The dame chose pigeon-pie,
And for puss milk and lights,
And she bought ale and wine,
And they view'd all the sights.



Puss learned better manners
 At the school, by degrees ;
 Pupils stitched, learnt lessons,
 Were as busy as bees.
 Dame pleased, once invited
 All the scholars to dine,
 Off a dish of fine fish
 And some gooseberry wine.



The toast that she gave them,
As they gobbled the sprats,
Was—" Good health and long life
To the nation of cats ! "

But one respectable
Grey-whiskered fine cat,
In the midst of the feast,
Smelt a mouse or a rat.



So, without asking leave,
 To the garden she ran,
 And received a fat mouse
 From the hand of a man.
 Milk and fish were removed,
 They then left in a trice ;
 For diversion and fun,
 Pussy fiddled to mice.

Taught kittens quick hornpipes,
Quadrilles, polkas, and reels,
They danced to the music
On their toes and their heels.

Then they frolick'd and played,
And they took a long walk ;
And returned home to tea :—
Cats did mew and dame talk.

Said a knowing old mouse,
“ Now the cats are away,
As the old saying is,
All the mice go to play :”—

A cat and her kittens
Crept slily around,
And carried poor mousey
From her sport at a bound.



Then puss mounted Dog Ball,
And she had a long ride,
Through the park and the grove,
Without bridle to guide.

Saw the Queen and the Prince,
Heard the Princesses scoff;
But all of 'em wondered
Pussy was not thrown off.

A neighbouring farmer

Was much troubled with mice ;
Says the dame “ We will clear
Them away in a trice.”

From the school all the cats

Went in haste to the house ;
And at night they returned,
Each one bearing a mouse :

The farmer was pleased

That the mice were all gone ;
And he said—“ My fine cats,
For what you have done,

Here take home a fine ham,

I will send you some game ;
And give my best respects
To the worthy old dame.”



When Hodge and his waggon
 Near dame's cot were espied,
 She determined to give
 All the cats a fine ride :

Grimalkin and ladies
 In the waggon, of course,
 While the gentlemen cats
 Mounted each his own horse ;

Went to visit the farm,
And to smell the new hay :
Men, dame, and the farmer,
Gave a hearty huzza !

Said he, " Dame, lets treat them,
Milk and food that is nice ;
For the cats have destroyed
All the rats and the mice."

They entered the dairy,
And each cat had her fill ;
And cleared all the vermin
From the barn and the mill.

Grimalkin then mounted
Her high charger Dog Ball,
To shew to the farmer
How she'd ride round the ball.



While the cats began dancing,
And Grimalkin to play ;
As merry as kittens,
On a Midsummer day :

Master, mistress, and maids,
And the men 'gan to sing ;
The sons and the daughters
Made the old farm-house ring.





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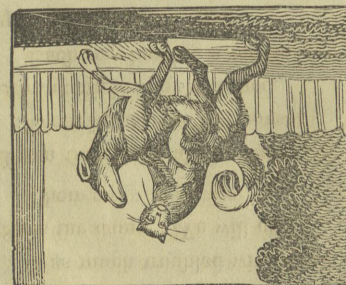
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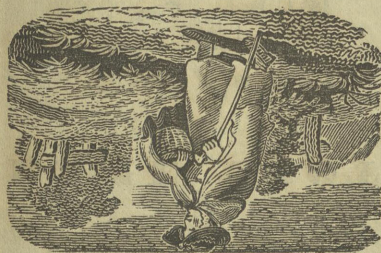
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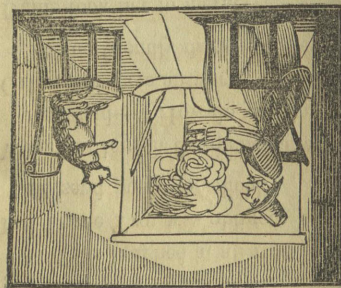


Next morning beg'd pardon,
Grimalkin and Dog Ball,
Reigned in Trot-house hall.
And peace and harmony
Good feeling continued,
And the dame could tell that
She went to the kitchen,
And saw Ball feed the cat.

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In the midst of the mirth,
And the dance all around,
A most dreadful mishap
All their jollity drowned.
Puss at length was thrown off,
And this caused some high words:
Then both drew their swords;
And a duel was fought,
And I cannot tell what,
Would have ended the strife,
But the stick of Dame Trot.
She scolded them soundly,
As to Trot-house were led;
Good beating she gave them,
And she sent them to bed.

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